

FASTING FORTY DAYS

Written by Glenn, for Geo. H. Edwards, late of Sweetman's Minstrels, Pa,
And sung by him with great success nightly, at the Alhambra Theatre, Phila.

Air:—Skids are out to-day.

When you wake up in the morning,
And if the papers you do read,
You'll find a new sensation,
On which the gossipers can feed.
Politics and religion
Are discussed in various ways;
But the little gem that puzzles them,
Is fasting forty days.

CHORUS.

Tramps sighing, politicians crying,
On wind we must get fat,
Around our route, they say "skin out,
We want no lunch-room chat."
They'll speak of Dr. Tanner,
And of his peculiar way,
And if we make a fuss, they say to us—
"Go fast for forty days."

In our leading boarding-houses,
Where they have a bill of fare,
You'll find a new addition,
That's pie filled in with air.
If they want to catch a boarder,
A big banner they will raise,
Which says first-class board for solid men
Who can fast for forty days.

Tramps sighing, etc.

They have "*nothing*" for the breakfast,
Then they holl it down for dinner,
And whatever's left they'll give to you
When they see you're getting thinner.
"Tanner's toast" add "patented wind pudding,"
Mixed with "invisible maize,"
That's what they give, if they think you'll croak,
By fasting forty days.

Tramps sighing, etc.

Now these fasting days are over,
Tanner's time has come,
Still he's just as greedy—
As an ordinary bum.
On corn beef and cabbage,
His stomach it does raise;
That soon they'll have him—in a "match,"
At "eating" forty days.

Tramps sighing, etc.